

PZ
7
B8144
Q
FT MEADE
GenColl

SUMMER



KATE WELDON BROWN

(ILLUSTRATIONS BY E.H. KILLAM)



Class PZ7

Book .B8144

Copyright N^o Q

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

ONE SUMMER

BY
KATE WELDON BROWN

FRONTISPIECE BY E. H. KILLAM



BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.
835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
1913

PZ7
.B8144
①

COPYRIGHT, 1913,
BY
KATE WELDON BROWN



\$1.00

©Cl.A347769

no1

ONE SUMMER

A LOVE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

“And yet, I have not all forgot
The years, when every day seemed long,
A separate age of joys and play,
Of wonder tales and song.”

CHAPTER I.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

THEY sat on the rocks, the little girl whose home it was, this lonely seashore, and the little boy with short yellow curls, from the Great Inland city. They sat on the rocks, but mind they did not sit together. No, indeed! It was not because the little boy was better dressed than the little girl—for true childhood cares little about such matters, and besides the patched gingham of the girl's was as clean as the starched blouse of the boy's. Then why was it? The truth is that they were not acquainted, but, oh, how they wished they were.

The tide was going out. It was the boy's first glimpse of the ebb tide of the wonderful Bay of Fundy, and he was very much interested, so interested indeed that he wished that someone might tell him about the strange things that it brought into view, or made plainer. The greenish brown stuff, clinging about the rocks, what was that, and the long line of rocks running out from the

shore, and the funny little thing like a tower at the end of it, and the house built right on the water, how could it stand, and did anyone live there?—and who lived on the little Island away off there? Oh, so many questions to ask and no one to answer! Then there was the white mist that seemed to hang in the air beyond the little Island. Oh, dear, why wasn't there someone to tell him about it?

There was the little girl of course, but she wouldn't look at him at all, and simply stared across the water in a very unfriendly way. He would try and make her turn, but how? Perhaps she would like to look through his field-glasses! He whistled. There was a faint movement of the little figure on the other rock. "Hello, do you want to look through my field-glasses?" The red sunbonnet turned quickly and the boy's blue eyes stared at the brown face and dark eyes raised to his. "I believe it's a gypsy," he said to himself. Then all at once her lips parted in a sunshiny smile, and the boy burst out laughing, at which her head went down so low that once again there was nothing to be seen but a red sunbonnet.

Now the boy from the Great Inland city was not very shy and rather a tease, so he began, "I say what's your name little gypsy?" Quick as a flash the dark eyes raised again, stormy eyes now and the smile all gone, "I ain't a gypsy, I'm Pansy."

"Oh, a pansy are you?—Why you look more like a poppy or—or,"—for her eyes were simply blazing, "a thundercloud."

"I hate you, you horrid boy, and I don't want to wear your silly, ugly glasses,"—it was plain she thought they were a kind of spectacles, but her voice broke here. She had wondered about them and had wanted to see through them, oh, so much, and now she never, never could. It was her own fault too. This last thought only made her more angry. "Take that, and that, and that," and before the boy could get away, handfuls of

sand and pebbles were dashed about his face and head; then without more ado the red sunbonnet turned, and a pair of fleet little legs darted around the corner of the rocks and out of sight, while a crestfallen boy stood alone rubbing his stinging face. But he told himself that he had deserved it all and that when next the little girl came out on the rocks, if she ever did come—he would be more polite, and—here he rubbed his tingling face again—he hoped she would, too. He wanted to know her. She was pretty he thought, brown, but very pretty. Perhaps it was the seashore, he didn't remember of ever seeing anyone so pretty in the Great Inland city.

The tide was all out now, and still the little boy sat on the rocks. He had found out about one thing—with the ebb of the tide—the house on the water! It was really built on rocks and there was a dark reef of them into the shore; but the mysteries were as many as ever for out in the water was something he had not noticed until low tide, long lines of poles sticking up. Dear, oh, dear, if he had only been more polite! What could those sticks be? and then the white mist had gone as if by magic, and as far in the distance as could be seen was a long broken line of blue. It certainly wasn't the horizon, he knew about that,—perhaps it was another seashore!

Suddenly a flaring red sunbonnet darted by him. The next minute a gust of wind came and the bright bit of calico whirled over the sand until it found a resting place on a mass of wet, brown seaweed. The boy looked at the girl but saw only a cloud of dusky hair blowing merrily in the breezes, as though glad to be let out of its prison. It was his chance to be polite again, a few jumps up and down the rocks, a few quick runs over the damp sand, and the boy was carrying a wilted sunbonnet toward a little girl who was waiting with pouted lips, but eyes that showed a laugh was not far behind. He held it out happily, here Gyp— Pansy," she

frowned, then, for childhood is very forgiving, and it was clearly a mistake, she smiled, a bright, warm smile that lighted up the small, brown face, and brought an answering one from the boy, then together they sat down on the rocks.

ACQUAINTED.

THEY were very happy now and the little tongues ran on joyfully. She was a great girl, thought the boy. She had explained so many things to him. The strange, white mist was the fog, he would likely see it very often, sometimes it stayed out on the water and sometimes it came on the land. The boy hoped it would mostly stay on the water. The poles that were sticking up in the water were the fisherman's weirs, along them, fish nets were strung and at the foot of them was the "pond" where when the tide went out many fish lay dead—shad, and salmon and gaspereau. The little girl told him that she was to have gaspereau for tea that very night—the "blue-backs" the last catch of the season. The boy wished he were too. Then she told him about the house on the rock which at high tide seemed built on the water; that was the beacon light to guide the ships. The long rough line of rocks was the breakwater to make the harbor safe. She told him all about it, and that the tower-like place at the end was the lighthouse, only fishermen lived on the little Island, and out on it too was a fog-horn which in bad weather *blew out* fog over the sea and land. This the little boy thought very strange and did not understand at all. What good was the fog and how did a fog-horn make it! Really he hardly believed it, but he did not like to say so, for the little girl was quite sure of what she said.—She knew that the fog always came when the fog-horn blew.

Then she told him about the greenish-brown stuff. It was seaweed, and she pointed out to reefs which she

called dulse reefs, and said that some day they would wade out for dulse. When the boy looked puzzled she laughed with her head very high up, which he didn't like at all, and said that dulse was a seaweed. "Humph" thought the boy, "what was dulse alongside of some curiosities he had seen—a little seashore seaweed! Pouf!" but he didn't say a word, only looked a little dignified while she explained more about it, that it was of a reddish-brown color and was good to eat when dried. This sounded so interesting that he quite forgot his dignity, and said he wished he had some.

When he pointed out to her the blue line so far away she frowned, then told him that that line was the Nova Scotia shore and when it showed so plainly it was sure to storm soon. She didn't seem to know why, but thought it was just for a sign to let people know.

But the sun was very low, it must be tea time—they had forgotten all about time in their chatter. "'Jiminy,' Pansy, it's late, good-bye."

"Good-bye, oh, dear, but what's your name?" She had never thought about his name before.

"It's Paul, I'll be back to-morrow." She looked at the Nova Scotia sign but said nothing, so waving his hand to her, little Paul ran home to the white, summer cottage up from the beach, to tell his mother all about his new friend, the ebb tide, and the strange, strange things of the seashore.

CHAPTER II.

THE LONG, WHITE ARMS.

THE Nova Scotia sign hadn't come quite true. It was a windy, half-cloudy, half-sunny day on the sea-shore, and a turbulent day on the waters. Long, white arms of foam stretched themselves over the brown sands and curved in and out among the rocks and seaweeds; and the boy with the golden curls, and the girl with the red sunbonnet, sat on the rocks again, but very close together now, and watched the restless play of the waves.

Suddenly a big wave struck the rock beneath them just where a yellow sunbeam lingered—a perfect whirl of foam and spray, a flash of gold, and it was gone, but the little girl was standing up, her dark eyes dancing with delight. “Did you see it, Paul, oh, did you see it?” The boy’s eyes sparkled, “yes, the wave, it was great.” “No, no, don’t you know what it was?” “Why, of course, I do, it was a wave breaking.” His tone was scornful. Did this seashore Pansy think he didn’t know anything! “No,” and the small brown fingers grasped his sleeve as she whispered mysteriously, “it was a *mermaid!*” The blue eyes opened wide, “a what?” “Why, a mermaid. Haven’t you heard about them? they live under the water and their hair is gold like yours. I wish mine was,” and she looked longingly at the yellow head beside her, “and they always dress in white. It is all true because”—she bent again and every word was slow and clear, “once I went under the sea with a mermaid and *I know.*”

The little boy's mouth was wide open, but he didn't say a word, he was thinking, not doubting, oh, no, why should he! He had been at a great many strange places, had spent two whole summers on the mountains, had seen wonderful buildings and wonderful sights, but to have been on a journey under the sea! No, he had never known anything quite so wonderful as that. Truly it was a great thing to live on the seashore and to be known by the mermaids.

The little girl took her seat beside him again. "Now I'm going to tell you a wee little bit about it, and you'll believe it, won't you?"

The boy bowed his head and she began "once upon a time——"

"How long ago?"

"Well, it was only last summer but I like to begin a story that way, and anyway you mustn't ask questions. Now I'll have to begin all over again. Once upon a time, last summer, it was an awful hot, hot day and I came down here on the rocks, but they were hot and the sand was hot, so I paddled in the water for a while. Bye and bye I saw a nice, cool, little cubby-hole in the rocks, and I ran in and lay down there. I wasn't afraid to lie there because the tide was going out, but if it had been coming in I would have been drowned, and every minute a big, big wave would come and I wished that I could be a mermaid and go down under the cold water, and just while I was thinking about it the biggest wave of all came, there was a tremendous splash, Paul, and the lovely soap-suddy spray flew right into my face. It was just going back, you know, the wave, when guess what?" and the very mysterious tone came again. "Why, a little mermaid laughed out at me, a real mermaid, Paul, she was just about as big as me, but her hair was so gold and so long! I wasn't one bit afraid of her, and when I laughed she laughed again and stretched out her long, white arms—mer-

maids always have long, white arms, grandma says, and asked me to go to her home under the water."

The boy had drawn nearer and his voice was almost a whisper with excitement, "Did you go?"

"Hush! yes, I went, she took my hand, and just think, I stepped into the water and didn't sink, for mind, my feet were gone and I looked just like a mermaid."

"Oh-o-oh! weren't you 'fraid?"

"No, I was glad 'cause I would have been drowned with feet, but you mustn't talk. We swam out a long, long way, almost out to the beacon light, then down we went just like fishes, and now I'm not going to tell you any more about it, 'cause it's something like grandma's story, and she said she would tell it to you, she often tells it to me."

"Oh, Pansy, please tell me the rest," pleaded Paul.

"No, no, I won't, only a little speck more"—and she almost whispered it, "I was with the mermaid all night."

"O-o-oh! and what did your grandma say when you told her?"

"She said she had often played with the mermaids when she was a little girl like me, and to play with them as long as I could, for when I got big like her I wouldn't have many chances, for the mermaids loved only children. And that's all my story. Grandma says you are to come to our house to-morrow, and she will tell you the story about the Earth-child who went to the mermaid. It's a dreadful sad story!"

CHAPTER III.

THE TUMBLEDOWN COTTAGE AND A STORY.

OUT of the reach of the tide it stood. Such a tiny house!—so gray, so weather-beaten, so fog-discolored; behind it a green bank where a scrawny ominous-looking orchard toppled over. At its sides, and almost hemming it in, so closely did it nestle to their dull walls, the dark cliffs, and in front the great stretch of brown seashore. It looked very desolate to-day for the clouds were heavy, and over the restless waters and reaching into the land hung the white mist.

When the little boy came to the edge of the cliff he peeked around it, and stood still, and as he ran his fingers through his damp curls he wondered what to do. He was quite sure it was the right house for everything was exactly as Pansy had said it was, but he felt a little shy about going to the door, on this, his first visit. He was just drawing his head back when suddenly the door opened. Certainly someone had been watching and had seen the yellow head thrust itself around the edge of the cliff. "Come Paul"—he felt a little ashamed that he had not gone on in the first place, but pushing his cap back and straightening himself up he walked stoutly forward, toward the old lady who stood in the doorway smilingly, while in the background laughing merrily stood Pansy.

If the outside of the house was dull the little living-room was not. Bright, warm rugs lay on the white floor, and on the broad casement of the low window that looked straight over the water, were pots of geraniums

and fuchias, in full bloom. At the further end of the room stood a cosy tea table, and near by shelves of shining blue and white china, but as Paul afterward told his mother, "next to the best of all was the fireplace, a really old-fashioned fireplace, mamma, with a crane hanging and a brick oven; but the very best of all was the grandmother—she was a grandmother like you read about, and she took off my jacket and dried it, and kissed me, and told us a lovely story, and sometimes she bakes in the brick oven, mamma."

When the grandmother had thrown an armful of drift wood on the fire and it had blazed up cheerfully, she drew three broad, low chairs close to the hearth, and taking off her spectacles, without more ado began the mermaid story.

"Once upon a time there was a little earth-child with golden hair," and Pansy sighed as she always sighed at this and drew down one black lock to gaze at, while Paul, almost unconsciously raised his yellow head. "and day after day, and day after day he played on the seashore, a lonely seashore just like ours. When there was no wind and the sea was very still he would lie on the sand and build houses and fence them in, and graveyards with white pebbles and shells for gravestones, and sometimes he would make wharves of the drift wood; but on other days—the days he liked best—when the wind blew——"

"Hurricanes," interrupted Pansy, who was very proud of her knowledge of the long words.

"Hurricanes, and caught the spray and blew it over his face, and the waves would break on the cliffs——"

"Ominous cliffs, grandmother!"

"Yes, on the ominous cliffs, and great white arms would wind in and out among the rocks and seaweeds—on these days the Earth-child would sit on the rocks, with his yellow curls blowing about his face, and watch for the little mermaiden who often peeped out at him

and laughed, and sometimes she would call to him in such a little singey voice that it sounded just like a light wind, and sometimes too she would stretch out her long, white arms to him, and the little Earth-child very much wanted to go, but whenever he would start a big wave would come and take her away.

“One day when the sun was high and hot he threw himself down between two rocks where the foam would splash in his face and where he could see the mermaiden if she came. He was beginning to grow very sleepy when all at once a big wave splashed on the rocks and out of the spray rose the beautiful sea-child, her hair was golden like the Earth-child’s, her eyes were deep-blue like the water,” again Pansy sighed, and Paul laughed, “brown and green seaweed floated about her, and around her neck and waist hung strings of pearls and rose-pink shells. Wouldn’t you love to have seen her, children?”—and both heads nodded. “Well, the little Earth-child laughed aloud, he had never seen her so close, and while he laughed he heard the little voice like the light wind again, and it was asking him to go with her under the sea. Now that was just where he wanted to go, so he rose up, and took the tiny white hand stretched out to him, and together they stepped into the water. The Earth-child was very much surprised that he did not sink,” “just like me,” murmured Pansy, “but when he looked down he saw that he was of the same shape as the mermaid; and in a minute more they were swimming like fishes, down, down, down, and oh, what lovely things he saw! some of them too strange to tell about.

“At last they came to a beautiful grove of red and white coral, where hundreds and hundreds of tiny mermaids played ‘hide and seek’ and ‘tag’ among the branches in quite the same way as the Earth-children play, and darting in and out among them were the prettiest coloured fishes! It was a wonderful sight and the Earth-child was very happy.

"But the mermaid did not stop long here. Still holding his hand they swam on and on until they came to the most beautiful house made of a monstrous pearl, pure white, and in this lovely house lived the Queen of the Mermaids,—They called her"—"I know, I know, the Queen of the Nimps," broke in Pansy, "Yes, the Queen of the Nymphs. She was very glad to see the golden-haired child from earth, and was so kind to him! He was hungry after his long journey so she made him sit at a pink coral table, and gave him his supper out of tiny white shells. After he had eaten enough, she sent him to play in her garden, and he strung string after string of pearls and beautiful seaweed around his neck and arms, and once a passing mermaid flung a wreath of them over his golden head, and swam off laughing.

"There were some terrible and"—"ferocious," said Pansy, "yes, ferocious-looking creatures down there, too, and sometimes the little Earth-child, who had been used to only dogs and cats, would scream for fear, but the mermaid told him he must not be frightened, and bye and bye he got so used to them that he didn't mind them, at all, and before long he was playing hide and seek in the coral groves with the other sea-children.

"But at last night came and it grew too dark for the merry games, so the mermaiden came to him and led him to his bed, a great, white shell, lined with the softest seaweed and bordered with pearls. It was a very cool and pleasant bed and the boy sank into it with a happy sigh. Soon music commenced, perhaps it had been going on all the time but he had not noticed it before. It was not at all like the music in the world he had come from, for it was the noise of the little waves splashing against his shell bed. It was very soft and sweet and soon he was fast asleep—when a bad dream came—he dreamed that someone was throwing pearls all over him, and he was so frightened that he rose from

his bed and screamed, then swam out of the home of the mermaids and up to the seashore where, when he opened his eyes, the wind was blowing grains of sand in his face.

"The Earth-child was so sorry about the dream that had come just when he was having such a good time, and he made up his mind that he would watch for the mermaid again. He would slip back again that very night, when he was supposed to be in bed, and he felt quite sure that she would come and stretch out her long, white arms to him. So that evening just at twilight the little Earth-child in his white nightgown sat on the rocks, and the wind blew his golden curls about his face just as it had before.

"Again a big wave broke on the rocks at his feet, and two long, white arms stretched out to him. He stood up quickly and laughed, for he thought of the hide and seek in the coral groves with the sea-children; of the fishes, the seaweed, the pearls, and the music; then stretching out his little arms to the long, white ones, he jumped from the rock—but something dreadful happened," "I know, I know," sobbed Pansy, the bunglesome seaweed." "Yes, his tiny feet got all tangled up in the bunglesome seaweed, so he could not swim, and the careless mermaid left him, and next morning when the tide had gone out they found the little Earth-child dead on the seashore.

"So children when you sit on the rocks and the mermaid comes and holds out her long, white arms to you, and even whispers to you to come, run away from her, for the Earth-children are not like the sea-children, and when they try to go to her, almost always their feet catch in the bunglesome seaweed."

Yes, it was a very sad ending the boy thought, and when Pansy smiled at him through her fast-drying tears,—he never even looked at her. As a matter of fact there was a tear in his eye, which being proud,

and a boy besides he was highly ashamed of, and how to rub it out quietly he didn't know. It felt so big that it was nearly blinding him and he felt too that it was about to drop, and in his own mind he would be disgraced forever. It was now or never, so leaning back he yawned and rubbed his eyes, then said to please excuse him and blushed a little; but anyway the tear was gone and nobody knew, so he felt better even though a little guilty.

Well, they sat around the fire a little longer, and the grandmother brought in a lunch of lovely gingerbread and milk, then, for the sky looked very lowering, Paul said he had had a very bang-up time, and putting on his jacket, bade good-bye and ran home as fast as his legs would carry him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DAISY PETAL FAIRIES.

THERE had been almost a week of rain and heavy fog and to-day Paul was very much discouraged. If it had not been for Pansy he would almost wish himself back in the Great Inland city again. Why, he hadn't seen the light-house or the Island for a week, yes, a whole week, for here it was Thursday, and almost three o'clock, and the Thursday before was the last time he had seen Pansy. It was very late in the summer, too, and he couldn't waste whole weeks. He was sure he didn't see what good the Nova Scotia sign was when you couldn't see any farther than your own shore, and anyway how did you know whether it was there or not? He was just tired of hearing that hateful fog-horn that had never stopped blowing out fog all this time. Why didn't someone stop it up? It must hold an awful lot. Oh, dear, the seashore wasn't half as nice as he had thought it was, and altogether the boy's temper was as unreasonable as the weather.

At about this very time, a little girl bareheaded, her apron full of bullseye daisies, stood on the green bank back of the tumbledown cottage, picking the petals from a scrawny end-of-the-summer daisy. "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. Rich man, poor man"—and so on. "Rich man, 'oh, a rich man.' It must be Paul. I know he's rich, oh, I'm so glad." She pulled from her apron another daisy and began again, "he loves me, loves me not, loves me," over and over, over and over. "He

loves me! Oh, grandma, as the grandmother's form appeared in the doorway, and she held up the headless daisies. It's Paul, and he loves me."

"Why, Pansy, out in the damp grass and picking petals from the daisies! There'll be trouble in fairydom to-night," and the white head shook warningly, mysteriously, dear, dear, to see all the white petals wasted—poor little fairies! Well, well, come into the house and I'll tell you about it."

Here was the promise of a story, a new one too, and it didn't take long for this little Marguerite to scatter her daisies to the winds, rush into the house and draw her little chair close to the grandmother's, for the promised story. It was a strange story, all about the daisy petals belonging to the fairy children who couldn't bear to see them wasted and this was the reason—when the summer days were over and the cold autumn came, these little fays, in their filmy robes of bits of white clouds, would shiver and die with cold, were it not that during the warm nights when all the world was asleep they would slip to the fields and meadows and gather the daisy petals. Their tiny arms full, away they would flit again, over the treetops and hills, through the dark glades and woodlands, up into the air and skimming the clouds until fairyland was reached.

There the soft burdens were laid down and the fairy Queen, gathering the fay children about her, would teach them to make robes of the daisy petals and line them with bits of the fleecy clouds, so that when the cold weather came and Jack Frost charmed the trees to a silver thaw—"they might dance among them warm and merry as ever." "But little one," the grandmother had ended, "I have heard that sometimes when the fay children come in the night they find only headless daisies, and when they go back the Queen mother is very angry at the heedless earth-children, who, forgetting that the tiny fairies may die of the cold, pick the

daisy petals for selfish pleasures; and it is said that sometimes in the night she sends her fays to cut big patches from the nightgowns of the careless children who picked the petals."

Then the grandmother had laughed, taken the dark head between her hands and kissed the very solemn mouth. Shortly afterward she had told the little girl it was bed time, and Pansy had taken a candle and gone to her room. She went to bed as her grandmother had bade her, but full of the story, she could not sleep, so at last she had slipped out of bed and stepped to the window and leaned out, there to watch every cloud as it floated by and see if the daisy story were true.

It was a glorious night. At last the fog had lifted, the stars shone bright, and the great round moon—which at first only peeped,—came right out from behind the fleecy clouds, and still the dreamy, brown eyes gazed at the sky in rapt attention.

At last the air became chilly so Pansy threw a warm shawl over the white nightgown, and drawing up her little chair closer to the window, again set up her watch.

She was beginning to feel a little drowsy when she seemed to hear approaching from a distance, and ever nearer and nearer, a soft rustling sound. It drew still nearer, then suddenly surrounded her—perfect clouds of daisy petals! while playing amongst it guarding and keeping it from straying were myriads of tiny fays.

Pansy gave a delighted little laugh, and held out her hands. It was the fairy children carrying their burdens to the fairy Queen! Oh, how she wanted to go, too! it was all so lovely, and almost before she knew what had happened she found herself sitting in the midst of this cloudland with fairies flitting about and smiling at her from every corner, while a soft wind seemed to carry them on.

Oh, how she screamed and laughed! and when the moon-beams danced in her black hair, how the fairies in

turn capered and clapped their tiny hands! Surely the like had never been before.

Along the silent shore they went, past the white summer cottage—where Pansy caught one glimpse of a golden head, as it turned restlessly in its dreams, as the fairy train went by. What, asleep on such a night! Oh, Paul, Paul, you'll hear a story to-morrow! Then up and away from the shore, over the bank, and Fundy was a thing of the past. Next through the long town street, and Pansy ceased laughing long enough to wonder why it was that all the people were not at the windows to see.

Out into the country now, over the fragrant meadows, through the glades and woodlands. Then away over the treetops and hills, up in the air—clutching handfuls of clouds in their glee. Up! Up! until in the distance were tiny flickering lights—fire-flies dancing, Pansy thought. She could not see far for the moon was under a cloud, but they seemed to be moving slower and slower. Then the moon came out again and not knowing how it happened Pansy found herself in the most beautiful fairyland. The air was sweet with the perfume of violets and roses, and on a bank, green and smooth as velvet, stood a palace that glittered like a great diamond. Up the little path that led to it went Pansy, guided by the myriads of dancing fairies, and there at the door in gorgeous shimmering robes, but with anxious eyes, stood the Fairy Queen—Pansy knew her by the tiny glistening crown and Queenly air—but when she saw the fairies flitting proudly up with their precious burdens she smiled gladly, and gathering them about her, bade them at once set to work and make their robes.

It was a wonderful sight to see the strange little elves working away with might and main at the daisy petal robes, and to hear the tiny screams of laughter when a petal or a bit of cloud would blow away, and

see two or three laughing fairies scampering after it. It was an ideal glimpse of fairyland.

Pansy stood entranced with wide open eyes, when suddenly the fairy Queen turned to look at her, and her face grew stern as she said, "I have been sad and anxious many, many times because my fairy children could find no daisy petals, all because of naughty little girls like you who pick them only to throw away again. you picked some only yesterday. *Yes, you did,*"—and each word stood out by itself—as Pansy tried to murmur something about it being only a few "and simply"—her voice was full of scorn, so full, that Pansy hung her head guiltily—"to find out if a silly little boy loved you—love is all nonsense for little girls and boys. So now as a punishment and to keep me from worrying over some day finding my little ones frozen to death, my fays shall cut off the sleeves of your white nightgown to cut into robes."

At this Pansy became very frightened and as she saw the fays coming toward her with tiny gleaming shears, she folded her arms tight and ran screaming down the path; but beyond it, all was dark—and she did not know the way. She screamed again—when, "Pansy, why Pansy, whatever is the matter?" awoke her, and she saw her grandmother with startled face coming toward her. She rubbed her sleepy eyes, it was all so strange and as she felt herself being laid down in her own small bed she drowsily muttered something about it all being true grandma, 'bout the fairies and the daisy pet—but here she fell sound asleep again and the grandmother walked softly out, murmuring, "well, well, what a child it is to be sure!"

But it was many a day before Pansy could be coaxed to pick a daisy petal and try her fortune again.

CHAPTER V.

PAUL AND PANSY GATHER DULSE.

At last the fog had cleared and although the Nova Scotia sign was very plain again, the children took no notice of it at all,—why they simply couldn't bear to, after that dreadful rainy week.

The tide was coming in to-day and once again they played on the seashore, Paul and Pansy, while spread on the flat rocks where the sun shone hot and bright, were numberless leaves of dulse picked by them when the tide was out. Paul didn't like it much yet—it tasted to him, he said, like salt rubber might. He couldn't help but envy Pansy who every few minutes would leave the graveyard she was making in the sand, and running to the rocks would pick off the edges which the sun had dried first, and eat them with a plain relish. Would he ever feel like that? Of course it was the seashore again—he was only from an Inland city, had never been with a mermaid or a daisy petal fairy—for of course he had been told this most wonderful story,—so could not expect to have a seashore appetite.

It was pretty late in the summer. In fact the holidays were about over. Paul was not going home though, not for four whole weeks, but to-morrow Pansy must go to school again; and while in the midst of their play they would sometimes stop and talk about that, and wonder how Paul would put in his time during the long day before school was out. Suddenly Pansy jumped up, clapping her hands and upsetting three gravestones in her rush. "I know, Paul, I know, you'll go to school with me. Oh, what fun!" Paul wasn't quite sure whether he would like that or not, but after he had sat

down, knitted his forehead and thought it over for awhile, he said he would ask his mother.

He wasn't very fond of school and it seemed hardly the thing to go when he didn't have to, but then he had never had Pansy with him before. If he went they would be together all day long as usual. Perhaps, it was the best thing after all. So it was planned with much chattering and laughing that the mother being willing they should go to school together next day.

By the time it was talked over and quite settled the sun was getting low and the dulse was dry. Paul was very anxious to show his mother this strange seaweed and ask her about the new school plan; so the dulse was gathered up, and when Pansy's deft brown fingers had made it up into two bundles, she put one under Paul's arm, then taking the other under her own they bade one another good-bye and trotted home.

CHAPTER VI.

A DAY AT THE SEASHORE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

It was rather cloudy, but not a bad day at all, as the next morning the two children went gleefully along the road to the school-house—the funniest, battered up, dingiest little school-house Paul had ever seen, and the very straightest and most goggle-eyed old maid for a teacher that you can imagine. She called Paul up and asked him his name, and his answer was so faint—for she never once took the terrible goggles from his face—that she made him say it over three times—before she heard aright. It was a bad beginning! Then she showed him to a seat, which he was glad to find was almost opposite Pansy's.

Paul felt very lonely as the time went on, he wished he had not come, then he looked across at his one friend, she happened to be looking and smiled so beautifully that in the very gladness of his heart he drew a piece of paper from the bottom of his never failing pocket, and wrote her a little letter:— “Dear Pansy, i'm oful lonly and if i coodent see you i'd wisht i was Hom. won't you be glad wen skool is out. With love Paul.” Unlucky note!

There was some pretty hard work trying to get it across the aisle without anyone seeing, but at last it was safely over, and Pansy had read it and smiled again at him.

A few minutes later when Paul was working away blotting and re-blotting his copy book with his inky fingers, and pen,—where more ink had gone up than

down—he heard a little rustling sound near him, and looking up saw Pansy bending over, and in one hand was a ruler, with which she was sliding slowly, carefully, along the floor towards him, a tiny note.

Paul gave a hasty glance at the teacher, awful ogre of childhood! but she was busy at her desk, and Pansy, too, stopped very often to give a careful look, but truly it seemed that for once all would go well, the teacher seemed so far above noticing the precious trifle that was being slid so stealthily along that generous floor. Yes, the fates were kind, it was coming nearer and nearer! Paul was bending down to clutch it! His hand was on it—when the most dreadful thing happened! Pansy, too near the edge of her seat in her excitement, fell plump on the floor! Both looked up in time to see the goggles, which now looked like full moons, gazing at them—— “Bring up that note to me.” Paul looked into Pansy’s frightened face and then and there made up his mind he would not “Bring up that note at once.” My, her voice sounded so firm and terrible! Paul’s very knees shook as he quivered out, “I can’t please.” “Can’t? Do you hear me? At Once.” That at once seemed to fill the whole room. “I shall not ask you again.” Paul very much hoped she wouldn’t, and she didn’t, but the next minute he found himself in the entry and tingling all over from the little sapling which the teacher kept there, awaiting such times as this.

He didn’t cry, though, and still firmly held the note, when suddenly, before his rather misty eyes, came the little frightened, pleading face of Pansy, and a tearful voice said, “Don’t, teacher, please, I wrote the note, he’ll give it to me.” The teacher stopped the blows, and the little note was put into the small hand stretched out for it, and then passed to the teacher. She put it into her pocket and after giving three not very hard slaps on each tiny brown palm—in spite of Paul’s pleadings

not to, because the note was only an answer to one he had written first—both were sent back into the school-room.

But what happened next was the worst of all—truly it was a lesson for naughty school-children for all time,—and Paul's blue eyes flashed as he saw the teacher quietly take from her pocket the note—his note—and read it, first to herself—then—horrors! out it came, aloud to everybody. "Deer Paul, i'm oful sory you are lonly, but i lov you and it will soon be aftur skool then we can go to the seashore, i'm glad you cum, Pansy."

"Quite flattering," slowly remarked the teacher, then folding the note, to every scholar's surprise she marched it straight down to Paul who took it quickly, with burning cheeks, and put it in his pocket.

The whole school was giggling now, but one stare from the goggles and all was quiet.

Paul glanced at Pansy, her cheeks were very red. She did not look up. Soon the school-bell rang, and it was over.

It was Paul's first day at the seashore school, and it was his last. It had not been a success. No, indeed! He had got not only himself, but Pansy into trouble. The school part of it was far better in the Great Inland city.

PART I.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE TUMBLEDOWN COTTAGE.

It hadn't stayed fine long, for the wind had, as the fishermen said, "backed in" so it was no wonder that on Saturday it was cold and cloudy again—not to mention the fog-horn which once more began blowing out fog; but that was such an old story now.—

However Paul decided that there was nothing to complain about this time, because hadn't he been invited to spend the whole, long afternoon and take tea with Pansy and her grandmother? Indeed, he had, and who cared if it wasn't a real seashore day! Wasn't an afternoon in the "tumbledown cottage" as good, and better for a change, than even watching for mermaids? I should think so! and besides the grandmother had promised to show him some old-fashioned things, and tell an old day story.

He was less shy this time, so there was no hanging around the edge of the wet rocks, and pretty soon the happy three were again settled cosily, close to the blazing fire. From the crane hung a pot of molasses candy and my, how good it smelled! It was enough to make anyone feel cheerful and draw long breaths.

While the candy was boiling, it was decided—all being in favor of it—that the story would be the first thing on the programme, and, as it was clearly not a seashore day, that it would not be a seashore story; so grandmother said it would be about a little girl

named Eunice—her mother and Pansy's great-grand-mother.

This little girl had, many, many years before, been lost on a big marsh one Christmas Eve—the very name of which sent pleasant thrills down the children's backs, although it must have been dreadful to have been lost at such a time, and all talked about that for a little while. But presently grandmother took off her spectacles, and taking up her knitting leaned back comfortably, which was a sign that she was ready to begin, so the chattering ceased.

First she told them about the big Tantramar marshes, which stretch for miles over the borders of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and about the rich marsh hay that grew there; of the great tides, and wild winds, and how, when the white men first began to settle in New Brunswick these marshes were little known about, and were very dangerous. One might walk for miles and miles and still find no house, and where the marshes did end great forests commenced, and stretched away as far as one could think, on every side.

And in winter when big snow storms blew and blustered, the fierce gusts of wind would make great snow-drifts, and then the marshes were bleaker and more dangerous than ever—"and children, this little girl, and others too, were lost in just such a storm as this," here the little ones drew up closer to the fire and felt good.

"Well, one summer nearly a hundred years ago, there came to settle on the borders of this marsh, a number of Englishmen, their wives and children. Among them was my grandfather, grandmother and little Eunice, twelve years old—a brave girl too, as I think you will see.

"The house they lived in was not nearly as good as even this, for it was built of rough logs and the cracks were stuffed with mud and moss. There was a big fire-

place built in the living room and twice or three times a week grandfather would have to go out and cut a big back log—which everybody had then—it was as long as the fireplace and very large, so that it would not burn up quickly, and there was usually a forelog too.” The children were interested in this, so she showed them how they laid the logs in, and told them all about it, “and this big fire had to be kept going day and night in the winter, for the new country was very cold to the strangers.

“The next house to grandfather’s was nearly a mile and a half away and was owned by a settler who had a boy named Seth—a little older than Eunice, but her great friend; and every morning on his way to school he would call for his little companion and they would walk the other mile together.

“It was very hard to get a teacher for the tiny, out of the way, log school-house, so the old man who came didn’t know much beyond the three R’s ‘Readin’ Ritin’ and ‘Rithmetic,’”—here grandmother laughed, but I’m much afraid the children didn’t see anything wrong—“but he did his best and the scholars learned a little which was better than being idle, dears, wasn’t it?

“Through the long, warm summer this walk to and from the school-house was very pleasant; for the marsh flowers were beautiful, and Eunice and Seth would pick great bunches of the blue flag lilies to brighten up the dingy school-house.

“But at last the summer faded away, the woods were red and gold, then the leaves fell, the marshes became bleak and brown, and it grew cold. Food and wood were stored away, and very soon they were right in the midst of an old-fashioned Canadian winter.

“There was no more lingering by the road-side for flowers, but still Seth and Eunice, well bundled up, went to school each day, sometimes wading through snow-

drifts up to their waists. The old teacher went every day too; and usually eight or ten boys and girls.

"This winter, the first one, was a very hard one for the settlers, and it kept the men and boys busy, all the spare time, shoveling away the snow to keep the houses from being quite covered up.

"Sometimes for two or three days at a time nothing could be seen but what looked like big snow clouds floating everywhere, and the days were very dismal indeed,"—"and didn't they ever have any fun grandmother?" queried Pansy's pitying voice. Oh yes, dear, now and then when the road would be trampled a little the families used to make each other visits, and two or three times—there were quilting parties for the women, and the children played together trying to read the picture books Jack Frost had made on the little windows, and having all kinds of good times; and sometimes, there were candy pulls,"—which word put them all in mind of the molasses candy, and not any too soon, for when grandmother dropped a spoonful of it in water, it clinked beautifully, so she poured it out on a big blue and white platter and set it away in the porch to cool. Then the story went on. "Yes, and when it was time to go home there was the big urn of hot tea brought in—not always tea like you and I know about, but made from a kind of shrub called Labrador, and even from hemlock bark. These things had to be used when the tea gave out. I will show you grandmother's urn afterward. You will think it very funny.

"Well, the winter passed on and one morning late in December little Eunice awoke to find the sun shining bright and warm, and although the drifts looked pretty high, for it had been snowing and blowing all night, she felt glad. At last it seemed that there was a promise of milder weather, so singing a little song she dressed quickly and ran down the loft stairs to put a fresh log on the fire, and get breakfast.

"The minutes flew quickly, and hardly had she cleared away the dishes when a loud rap was heard at the door, and a cheery voice called out, "Hurry Eunice!" but she would not budge until Seth had come in and got well warmed before the fire, then hand in hand they set off together on their long, hard walk through the snow drifts.

"When the school-house was reached they were a little late, so a splendid fire was blazing and the room was already pretty comfortable.

"Books were brought out and lessons began. Everything went on just as usual until about three o'clock, then the wind came up, and soon it was a perfect gale, and the snow was falling heavily.

"The teacher saw that the storm was growing worse every minute so he told the scholars to wrap up warmly, and they would start for home, but as soon as the door was opened such a blast met them that they had to go back into the school-room again. Here they sat for a few minutes, the younger children crying and sobbing, then the old teacher said, 'There is no use, we cannot stay here, the fire is almost out, there is no more wood in, and none near. It will soon be too bad to walk at all and if we stay we must freeze to death. We must try again.' It was Eunice who thought of the plan of tying them together, but when the only rope there, was brought forward, it was found to be so short that instead of around the waists, it was put around the wrists, then again the door was opened. This time in spite of the awful gust, the little procession forced its way out. Seth at the head and the teacher at the end, and they started off in the direction of Eunice's home—as they thought.

"They could not speak for the wind, the snow blinded their eyes, and the drifts were terrible. Now and then a little girl whose short legs tired quickly and could not wade the big drifts, would stumble and cry, then there would have to be a stop.

"Well, at the end of an hour they seemed as far off as ever, so at last the older ones began to feel that they must be lost. Seth stopped, and all the little band stopped too and huddled together. Ten had started from the school-house, were all there? It was Eunice who first thought of this too, and counted, nine! who was missing? and as she peered into the frightened faces, dimmer than ever now, for the darkness was coming on early, she found it to be the old teacher. Poor old man, the rope must have loosened, he had fallen down and weak from cold had probably fainted.

"Then to add to the trouble the tiny girl who fell so often began to scream and cry in such a way that there was no use in dragging her along any further. There was only one thing to do, carry the child for awhile, so Seth took the little one in his arms and telling the others to keep tight hold they went back in search of the teacher, who might still be alive.

"Suddenly there was a quick pull at the rope, Seth had fallen over a snow-covered stump. The little girl was thrown from his arms unhurt, but when he tried to rise he found he could not lift his right leg." "Dear, oh dear, grandmother, such tribelations!" broke in Pansy's anxious voice. "Yes, indeed. Well the other boys were quite small and Eunice was the eldest girl, so she bravely said she would go for help, at least try. Seth told her no, she must not go alone, and tried to get up, but she made him lie still and telling the others not to leave the spot, but to huddle together and try and keep warm, she hurried off.

"The snowfall was much lighter now which gave her more heart, but she walked and walked until she was almost sure they must all die in the dreadful snow.

"It was quite dark now and had been for some time, the snow had about stopped and the air was clear. She shaded her eyes with her hands and looked around. Away in the distance she thought she saw a gleam of

light, a gleam so small and so dim she was afraid she must be mistaken and hardly daring to take her eyes from it, as she hurried on. But when she came nearer it, it grew brighter, and when she came up to it she found it to be—guess!" "her own house," laughed Pansy, which Paul echoed, then clapping her hands, and taking one of her "quick spells" as grandmother called them, she took Paul by both hands, and slipping her brown fingers under his, made him whirl around in the mazy "stiff starch" until for dizziness' sake they sat down feeling the home-coming of little great-grandmother Eunice well celebrated.

"Now children, quiet a little longer, if you want the rest of the story. You may be sure that Eunice was wild with joy when she found herself home, and of course you know how they greeted her, how the neighbors flew around and were so excited they didn't see she was nearly fainting until her mother, wild with joy too, made them stop, and rushing for the big horn blew loud blasts, until answering blasts came from away in the distance, for of course all the men were out searching by this time. By the time the men arrived Eunice had told her story to the group of anxious mothers. It was quickly repeated to the men at the door, and off they ran in the way she pointed out, following her footsteps as far as they were able, by the light of the lanterns. But it was nearly an hour before their horn blasts, and "hello's" were answered by the feeble calls, and soon they came across the heap of children all huddled together trying to keep warm; but some were pretty badly frozen, and all had to be carried. Yet the men were many and strong, and so thankful that the burdens were light.

"When all were home and safe the next thing was to look for the teacher,—two had stayed behind already for that purpose, and before the rest had joined them, he was found, but frozen to death."

"I wouldn't be s'prised if the wicked snow fairies had undid his wrist and spirited him off," suggested Pansy, and Paul said he thought it was quite likely, for all fairies seemed to do cruel things at times like the mermaid with the Earth-child, and the daisy petal fairy with herself.

"Well, dears, we are near the end now. Seth was the only one who was really sick long. You see his leg was broken, and the last big storm of winter had almost melted before he was able to put his foot on the ground again, but by the time summer came he and his brave little friend were as merry as ever, and again picked their blue flag lilies.

"So a great many years passed by, and one day in the autumn when the marsh was as brown as a hazel nut they were married, and many a night when the wind howled, and the snow rushed here and there looking for a nice place for a big snowdrift, they would sit around their open fire and tell to their little children—and I was one—the story of which we never tired, of the terrible day they were almost lost in the snow storm on the bleak Tantramar marsh.

"And now, said grandmother we must have an early supper then there will be a long evening, and we shall spend part of it in the attic looking at the old things."

So the cosy supper was prepared and nearly an hour spent at the table, so you may know how good it was. When the blue and white china was washed, and polished until it shone, as Paul said, "as bright as a nigger's eye" and had been carefully laid upon the shelves again, the children got very restless waiting for grandmother to finish her other little duties and begin the evening's programme.

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE ATTIC.

At last all was ready, so lamp in hand, she mounted the steep attic steps,—a golden head on one side of her, a black head on the other—at least that was the way they started. But it was of no use, the steps were painfully narrow. So it ended in them going up Indian file.

Such a funny little attic, so dingy and so brown, but a treasure land nevertheless, and there was a wonderful charm about it to the children.

The lamp was set down in a safe place, then, out from a dark cobwebby corner under the shaky rafters grandmother drew the big battered copper urn—the queerest looking thing you ever heard about, for the tea, or coffee if you pleased, was heated in the strangest way. First there was a bar of iron, with a handle, and at the bottom of it was a quite large square of iron, which was supposed to be heated red hot, then it was put into a little box-like protector, made for it, in the middle of the urn. The tea, or coffee, and water, were put in the urn next, and this red-hot iron square did the heating. It could be heated so hot as to boil coffee.

After this had been talked about and looked at from all sides, a big brown leather-covered chest was pushed out from the wall, and grandmother tenderly drew out the contents. Such dresses!—worn by her great-grandmother in England, one hundred and fifty years ago. There was the most beautiful cream satin with butterflies worked all over it. Pansy was allowed to roll up her sleeves and put it on, for this dress had no sleeves—

only tiny puffs on the shoulders, and the waist was so short, and the skirt so full, that when she had it on, and also the white silk stockings, and slippers with high heels and pointed toes, she looked just exactly like some little, old-fashioned picture.

Paul admired her so greatly that his eyes were perfect wonder points, and he had hard work to take them from her, to look at the other things; but there was a great laugh when grandmother picked out a gorgeous blue silk with sleeves that flowed out wide at the wrists, like a Chinaman's, and a three-cornered shawl of silk too, and put them on Paul. Then it was Pansy's turn to admire, for with his fair skin and golden curls he made as fine a girl as he did a boy; so taking hold of hands the two went strutting up and down the little old garret until grandmother, seated on the box near the chest, went so far back into the past, and was so quiet, that the children were afraid she was dropping asleep, and stopped their antics, to coax her to take out and show them more.

This she did, all kinds of lovely clothes, until the dusky attic looked almost a fairyland, and was full of the spirits of the past.

And there was a beautiful odd-shaped work-box, that had also come out from England long ago. In it were tiny silver thimbles, and needle-books full of the finest needles; and pieces of the daintiest embroidery. But the most interesting thing in the box was a walnut shell which, grandmother said, when she had first opened it, had inside of it a pair of gentlemen's ball-room gloves. Just think of it!—gloves so fine and rolled so small that they were put into a walnut shell.

The gloves were there too, and very delicate and dainty they looked. The children touched them lightly with the very tips of their fingers. Grandmother had never attempted to roll them up again. Pansy whispered to Paul that she didn't believe anyone but a fairy

had done it anyway.—That she had heard that fairies sometimes used walnut shells for coaches, like Cinderella's godmother did, and very likely some man had been bad and a fairy had ridden away, with his gloves in her walnut shell coach.

So the minutes, and in fact two hours flew quickly by, and when everything had been admired and talked over, and carefully put back, they trooped down the narrow stairs again, and grandmother brought out some old daguerreotypes, and the primmest little children were in them—little boys in long baggy trousers, whose mothers had certainly cut their hair; and little girls with hair parted in the middle, and the most precise row of curls the whole way round their heads. And such short waists, and full skirts, and pantalettes!

“Bless me but I'm just aching for a piece of candy,” said grandmother. The candy—why sure enough!—Everyone else was of course, so it was cracked and brought in on the big white platter, and while they ate grandmother told them about lots of funny little things that happened long ago. One story which amused them greatly was how one time a schooner had anchored near a little fishing village on the Bay, and the captain coming ashore had gone up to a farmhouse to buy a goose, if possible. But the captain not willing to give as much money as the farmer wanted, had to return empty-handed. Next morning when farmer Wright went out to his farmyard there strutted past him a stately gander, and from his neck dangled two pennys and a bit of paper on which was written:

“Now, Mr. Wright, I must say good-night
For I am going to wander.
I've bought two geese for a penny apiece
And left the pay with the gander.”

True enough the two geese were gone, and for that

matter so was the schooner. Both Paul and Pansy said it served the farmer just right, and was a good joke besides.

"And now please tell us another story," pleaded Pansy, "only one more." There came a twinkle into grandmother's eye. "No, no, not that one," drawled Pansy with knitted brows but merry mouth, "not the story 'bout—

"Yes dear, about Jack and his glory,
And now my story's begun,
I'll tell you another about Jack and his brother,
And now my story's done."

Everybody laughed, and while they laughed the clock struck nine. It had hardly stopped when there came a loud knock at the door, and a man inquired for master Paul, so that ended it—the pleasant visit was over.

CHAPTER IX.

PAUL'S LAST SEASHORE DAY.

"BUT the seashore part of it's all right, isn't it, Paul?—it isn't too hot and it isn't too cold, but it's just right like the little bear's porridge in the Three Bears," said Pansy in a voice that tried to be merry. Then there was a pause, it was all pauses to-day.

Pansy was right. It was autumn at last, that was plain. The leaves, the only things that the salt-eaten apple tree in the toppling over orchard ever bore, had fallen, and blown away, the dear knows where, and the scanty green grass on the bank had turned brown and was more scanty still, if such a thing were possible. There was an unusual briskness in the air, and a chill from the water which took away all desire to go to the mermaids.

Yes, it was even shown in the dress of the children, for over the patched gingham was a warm cape, and instead of the starched blouse was a warm sailor suit.

The signs of fall were everywhere and in everything, but the day was beautiful.

Yes, the seashore part of it was all right, but there was another part of it all wrong, that was sure.

They sat on the flat rock where they always sat to watch the tide come in—the rock they had sat on when they had first become acquainted—and both with hands crossed over their knees, and looking at the long white arms in the distance. Ugh! how cold they looked!

It would be a long, long time before Paul would watch for the mermaids again. To-morrow he was going back to the Great Inland city, and that was the part that wasn't all right.

"I'll come back next summer, Pansy, mamma says so," then there was another long pause, so Paul went on thinking. Dear me, the long Saturdays when he would think of the seashore, and Pansy, all alone, printing her name on the brown sands with a stick—There was her name now, and his right below it, each with a white pebble after it for a full stop—he would think how they used to sit on the rocks and watch the tide come in, until the wave they were looking for rushed up in a great glee and blotted out the names. He wished that summers didn't end so soon—he hated to go away.

But winter! winter here?—Oh no—how bleak and lonely it would be!—and Pansy had said the water never froze but rushed on the same as ever, only so cold; and that there were dreadful storms, and winds, that when the waves broke on the rocks, caught the spray and tossed it over the lighthouse, and sometimes shipwrecks—frightful shipwrecks in the winter! How poor and small the tumbledown cottage must look at such times!—its roof white and the snow-patched rocks all around—He knew what it would look like inside though, with its blazing fire, and the stories!—But that could not be all the time—no he would rather spend the winter in the Great Inland city—far rather.

It began to seem more pleasant to him; the more he thought about it—My how he always enjoyed the first snow storm there, and the hills, oh such hills!—and a new toboggan just aching to slide down them,—and the carnivals. Indeed it was much merrier in the Great Inland city in winter—he was sure of that. If only Pansy could be there too. Poor Pansy! What outdoor fun could she have on this desolate seashore? Yes, it must be terribly lonely. He would believe that, in spite of the fact she had told him it was not—so *very*,—that on "silver thaw" days the frost sprites danced in the trees on the bank—those scrawny salt-eaten trees he had

always laughed at—she called such times her “carnival,” how little she knew about real carnivals! Of course the fairy dance must be beautiful, but it didn’t last long. Pansy had said so herself—that they were foolish little things, the frost sprites, and never knew enough to go away when the air became too warm, so it always ended in them melting into little drops of water which trickled from the trees like rain. Poor little elves!

It was getting near sunset, the tide had come in and swept out the names long ago. The children had left the flat rock—left it slowly—it was the last time for so long—for an old log high up on the shore—a sturdy old log that had stubbornly withstood many a big storm, though worn smooth in the battle.

Paul thought it would be a comfort if they could cut their names in it, and when he came back next summer, there they would look and find them. This took a good half hour to do, for the knife was dull—though he did save time by making one P do for both. Thus, Pansy
aul

—besides it looked more friendly done in this way.

When it was finished the sun had quite set, and the western sky was one great glow of crimson, which reflected in the water a rosy pink.

It certainly was time for Paul to go home, and Pansy too, but dear me, it was the last seashore sunset for so long.

But when the crimson had become a purplish gray with quick dashes of red, and then a soft pink falling out of a light gray, so fluffy that one felt like saying good-bye to everything, and tumbling right into the fluff—then Paul slowly closed the knife he held in his hand and put it in his pocket.

“You see, Pansy, the sun has all set and I’ll have to go. I don’t want to though, not for a bit,” “yes and grandmother’ll be waiting tea, so—well—good-bye.”

"Good-bye, and Pansy,"—Paul paused and wrinkled his forehead—"Pansy, look—would you mind if I kissed you?—you see people mostly always do when they go away for so long,"—he hurried to explain.

There was no reply to this, but Pansy laughed and crossed her hands back of her head then uncrossed them and crossed them again—at the same time slowly twisting her head from side to side in them, all of which was her habit when she felt a little shy!

Paul hesitated for a moment. She looked as though she wouldn't mind, that was sure, still girls were funny, but he could not wait longer so he gave her a kiss straight on the mouth, and both burst out laughing which was all there was to do.

"Good-bye, Pansy, till next summer," "good-bye, Paul, and don't forget." Then away they went, one up and one down the seashore, and turning, waving and calling out every minute, until the rocks and the distance quite separated them. Then there was silence, and only one tiny star, just out, knew that in the stillness a little girl crept back to the old log, which now seemed like a friend, and nestling her dark head down upon it had her cry out.

Then out came another star and when Pansy looked up, having cried to her heart's content, there were the two inquisitive eyes looking right down at her and laughing, so she laughed too. "What, crying?" they seemed to say, "you silly little girl,—run home, run home, run home, there's a warm supper, and a story, and the best grandmother in the world all wondering where you are, and waiting in the tumbledown cottage—and next summer will be here before you know it, run home, run home."

"Why sure enough, sure enough," murmured Pansy, and she was running then as fast as she could. "I *am* silly, for it is only next summer after all."

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO'S

NEWEST BOOKS

All Bound in Silk Cloth and Gilt. Many Illustrated

Fiction

The Eyes at the Window (beautifully bound, with embossed jacket)—Olivia Smith Cornelius.....	\$1.50
Next-Night Stories—C. J. Messer.....	1.25
Arthur St. Clair of Old Fort Recovery—S. A. D. Whipple.....	1.50
Barnegat Yarns—F. A. Lucas.....	1.00
Jean Carroll, with six illustrations—John H. Case	1.50
As a Soldier Would—Abner Pickering.....	1.50
The Nut-Cracker, and Other Human Ape Fables—C. E. Blanchard, M.D.....	1.00
Moon-Madness, and Other Fantasies—Aimée Crocker Gouraud (5th ed.).....	1.00
Sadie, or Happy at Last—May Shepherd.....	1.50
Tweed, a Story of the Old South—S. M. Swales..	1.50
The White Rose of the Miami—Mrs. E. W. Ammerman.....	1.50
The Centaurians—Biagi.....	1.50
The Reconstruction of Elinore Wood—Florenz S. Merrow.....	1.50
A Nest of Vipers—Morgan D. Jones.....	1.50

Religious Works

The Disintegrating Church—Frederick William Atkinson.....	1.00
Evolution of Belief—J. W. Gordon.....	1.50
Down Hill and Up Hill—Rev. J. G. Anderson..	2.00
A Certain Samaritan—Rev. John Richelsen.....	1.00
The Reunion of Christendom—Francis Goodman	1.50
What the Church Is and What It Should Be—Lafayette Swindle.....	1.50
A Harp of the Heart. (Poems)—Rev. Chas. Coke Woods.....	1.00
The Gospel Parables in Verse—Rev. Christopher Smith.....	.75
Who? Whence? Where? An Essay by Pedro Batista.....	1.00
Compendium of Scriptural Truths—Marshall Smith.....	1.25
The Passion Play at Ober Ammergau—Esse Esto Maplestone.....	1.00
Israel Lo Ammi—Ida M. Nungasser.....	1.00

The Eternal Evangel—Solomon S. Hilscher.....	\$1.50
A New Philosophy of Life—J. C. Coggins.....	1.00
Romance of the Universe—B. T. Stauber.....	1.50
In the Early Days—Adelaide Hickox.....	1.50
The New Theology—By a Methodist Layman— Hamilton White.....	1.00

Miscellaneous

Anvil Sparks—Radical Rhymes and Caustic Comments, by Wilby Heard.....	.75
The Medical Expert and Other Papers—Louis J. Rosenberg.....	.50
The Little Sufferers (dealing with the Abuses of the Children's Societies)—G. Martin.....	1.50
Eureka, a Prose Poem—S. H. Newberry.....	1.00
Rust (a play in four acts)—Algernon Tassin (of Columbia University).....	1.00
Poems by Charles Guinness.....	1.00
Prohibition and Anti-Prohibition—Rommel, Ziegler & Herz.....	1.00
Gay Gods and Merry Mortals—Verse by Robert J. Shores.....	1.00
The Rubaiyat of the College Student—Ned Nafe.....	.50
The Deluge of England, and Other Poems—James Francis Thierry.....	1.00
The Dragon's Teeth—a Philosophical and Eco- nomic Work—T. M. Sample.....	1.00
Achsah, the Sister of Jairus—Mabel Cronise Jones.....	1.00
The Marriage Bargain Counter—Daisy Deane..	1.50
Building a New Empire—Nathaniel M. Ayers..	1.50
Marriage and Divorce—Jeanette Laurance.....	1.00
The Clothespin Brigade—Clara L. Smiley.....	.75
"Forget It"—Ida Von Claussen.....	1.50
The Last Word: a Philosophical Essay—James and Mary Baldwin.....	1.00

Travel

Eight Lands in Eight Weeks (illustrated by 90 drawings)—Marcia P. Snyder.....	1.25
Eliza and Etheldreda in Mexico—Patty Guthrie (illustrated).....	1.25

The attention of clergymen is directed to our Religious List, one of the largest of any house in America.

Write for free copy of our magazine, BOOK CHAT.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO., 835 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Branch Offices:

ATLANTA BALTIMORE INDIANAPOLIS NORFOLK
WASHINGTON DES MOINES, IOWA

JUN 18 1913

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00021209442